

## CHARIVARIA.

A RUMOUR of a marvellous feat of heroism at Liaoyang, proving that there are still "boys of the bull-dog breed" among us, was recorded in the *St. James's Gazette* of the 2nd inst. "It is reported," said our contemporary, "that the place has been taken by *Reuter's*, the *Chronicle's* and the *Mail's* correspondents."

"I do not agree with the critics who say that battleships are a thing of the past," says Admiral MATUSSEVITCH. Yet this is true of a great many of the Russian vessels of that type.

Many persons who are talking about the horrors of the War in the East seem to lack a sense of proportion; or else they are unaware that at Manchester a contest of brass bands has been going on.

A paper delivered at the recent congress of the Sanitary Institute has been published under the modest explanatory title of "What the people sleep upon." We presume it must be the same beds as they make.

Last week's *Answers* contained articles by Miss MARIE STUDHOLME and Major BADEN-POWELL. As BYRON might have written:

"And HARMSWORTH's capital had gathered there  
Our Beauty and our Chivalry."

A young man won a beauty prize at South Chicago, but was kissed by 200 women.

A jam exhibition will shortly be opened at Laon, and hundreds of wasps, flies, and blue-bottles have now made up their minds as to where they will spend the autumn recess.

Dr. FORBES WINSLOW has stated to an interviewer that a very large number of idiots are at large who most certainly should be in an asylum. When are these attacks on the House of Commons going to cease?

It is stated that Mr. HALL CAINE's play, *The Prodigal Son*, will not follow closely the parable in the Bible, but will be an improvement on it.

The announcement that Mr. CAINE has rejected the fatted calf incident has caused keen disappointment in the dramatic profession, so many members of which are passionately fond of appearing with padding at the back of their shins.

"A moth four inches across the back



## ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

2 A.M.

Brown (who has taken a shooting-box in the Highlands, and has been "celebrating" his first appearance in a kilt). "WORSHT OF THESE OLE-FASHIONED BESHEADS IS, THEY TAKE SUCH A LOT OF CLIMBIN' INTO!"

and three inches long has been captured at Antony, Cornwall." It is understood that it required the united efforts of the local constable and the village blacksmith to effect the capture.

According to the *Express*, Londoners are suffering from a curious epidemic, of which the chief feature is a feeling of drowsiness in the daytime and a disinclination to exert themselves. The Government, yielding to a natural instinct for self-preservation, have declined to appoint a Royal Commission to enquire into this insidious disease.

A painful impression has been caused by a cable from Chifu which states that

Mr. MELTON PRIOR, Mr. LYNCH and Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS are all returning home from the seat of war, exasperated by the limitations imposed upon them by the authorities. Is it too late to hope that, even at this hour, a change may take place, and the war yet be carried on for the benefit of English and American newspapers? We confidently appeal to the good-nature of the belligerents.

That it is possible to wage war humanely is proved by the fact that the Indian Government has distributed a large sum of money among the poor of Lhasa. We understand that this item is to be included in the indemnity.

## A CHANNEL RECORD.

[Mr. SWINBURNE's poem, "A Channel Passage," which gives its title to his new volume, begins in a trochaic-dactylic-catalectic metre, of no fewer than eight beats, and changes with the rising of the storm to an anapestic-iambic-catalectic metre of seven beats. The author of the following lines has humbly ventured to go one beat better throughout. The apparent licence which permits him to scan "rapturous," "satiate," "gradual," and "livelier," as dissyllables is strictly derived from the original. He dedicates these verses in passionate admiration to the Anglo-French marvel, Mr. THOMAS WILLIAM BURGESS, of Paris, and late of Rotherham, Yorks.]

FORTH from Dover at 7 A.M. at the hour when the milk comes round for the Castle Mess,  
Fared the tug that bore on her prancing poop the joy and pride of the halfpenny Press;  
*Gnat* was the name of her, late returned from the nightlong lustre of waves at her luminous prow,  
Lit for a beacon and buffet to him, the hero of Teuton extraction that failed, and now,  
Fraughted with BURGESS for freight, or freighted with BURGESS for freight, whichever arrangement you like,  
Westward she lurched to the region of Lyddon Spout and landed the rapturous and radiant Tyke.  
Then like a lioness loosed from the toils on the flat-foot track of a timorous coolie of Ind,  
Bare as a babe he strided out hip-deep to the lust of battle with wave and wind;  
Plunged his billow-proof mask in the main, and adopting a low side-stroke of exceptional power  
Thridded the seas at the rate of two-and-a-half to three full nautical knots per hour.  
Loud from the tug as he sped like a friendly torpedo aimed at the uttermost fringes of France  
Cheers outbroke and the bruit of backers that asked for the odds, fifteen to eight, on his chance.  
Slew by alithering tides, that played with his strength as the blizzard plays with a young boy's kite,  
Now on the Foreland trail and now in the other direction, the way to the Isle of Wight,  
Ever he struck for the Calais coast with the brine in his breath and the red hope hot at his heart,  
Save when he sipped boiled Bovril or crushed the juice of the wine-blue grape or a custard tart;  
Till the homeward Mail with a starboard list where the clamour of plaudits clove the air  
Spake from the midmost deeps of her course to say that the gallant swimmer was half-way there.

Whence came change? Were the powers that govern the moon that governs the tides that flow and ebb  
Jealous that one more name should be added to those of BYRON, LEANDER, and Captain WERM?  
Can they have kicked at the last link forged in a chain designed to master a virgin pride,  
Knitting adjacent lands in love, as a neighbourly bridegroom is knit to his next-door bride?  
What the original reason I know not; but this at least that a mortal may know, I know,  
How that the winds that had softly blown in his eyes as the breath, kiss-laden, of love may blow  
Rose to the passion and wrath and rapture of half a gale or possibly even worse,  
Thus necessitating a delicate change in the lilt of my semi-trochaic verse.

For the welter of waves white-winged as the flash and the flight of a squadron of migrant storks  
Flew, flopped, fizzed, fluttered and burst in the face of the strenuous trier from Rotherham, Yorks,

And the tune of their sibilant surge was the tune of the mellowing ferment of malted hops,  
And like to the hiss of a spluttering grill was the spume of the Channel that seethed with chops.  
But livelier if aught could be livelier than he was ere yet the storm leapt out of the South  
We could hear his foam-bright laughter that gurgled and mixed with the gurgling foam in his mouth,  
And the jest fell light from his lips as he breasted the billow—"There's plenty for money," he said.  
In a phrase that can only die when the heart of England that beats for her best lies dead.  
But a desolate waste yet sundered the sole of his foot from the haven he fain would be at,  
And the sea's wide throat that would never have strained at a camel had nearly swallowed the *Gnat*.  
And at length with gradual reluctance he halted and over the creaking bulwarks crept  
And drank red wine, and rolled in the wallowing trough, and was sick of the sea and slept.  
And the eight-and-three-quarter glad mad hours were over that won him the record for pace,  
Five leagues as the swart crow flies, and an extra couple to add for the twin tide-race.  
But snug in a rug we bore him back from a spot some six miles short of his goal,  
Of the sand-grey dunes of the city whose fame is one with the fame of her Burgess-roll.  
And the dawn of the dusk came down from a wind-swept sky as we put him on Dover pier,  
Insatiate of hope, and big with a sanguine purpose to try it again next year. O. S.

## THE WHITE RABBIT.

## CHAPTER VII.

*The White Rabbit is Puzzled.*

"REALLY," said the White Rabbit, "I don't know what we're all coming to nowadays. People do behave in the most extraordinary way, you know. I can't make out what they're up to."

He sniffed with indignation, and took a turn or two in his hutch.

"Look here, *Gamp*," he continued, addressing the Cat, "you've seen something of the world, and you've had no end of kittens—"

"And if I have," interrupted the Cat, "what's that to you? I'm acting on the advice of the President of the United States. I'm populating the Empire. The future is with the mothers of the race. And anyhow I haven't got to ask for *your* opinion. I don't want it, and I'll trouble you not to make so free with it."

"My dear *Gamp*," said the Rabbit, alarmed at her vehemence, "I'm sure I didn't want to offend you. I simply adore kittens myself, and I've always said that yours are quite the prettiest and softest and liveliest I've ever seen. Personally, I'm dead against buckets of water and all that nonsense."

Here the Cat broke down and wept.

"You've got a good heart, *Bunbutter*," she said in a voice choked with emotion. "Forgive this display of feeling. How can I help you? Tell me, and I'll do my best."

"The fact is," said the Rabbit after a pause, during which he had surreptitiously wiped his eyes with his fore-feet, "the fact is, I'm fairly puzzled. You know that tall handsome girl who's been staying here for a week or so?"

"SYBIL?" asked the Cat.

"The same."

"Know her? I should think I did. She's the best hand



### HOME RULE (NEW STYLE).

Poet . . . MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

Bird . . . LORD DUNRAVEN.

QUOTH DUNRAVEN, "DEVOLUTION!"  
ONLY THAT, AND NOTHING MORE.



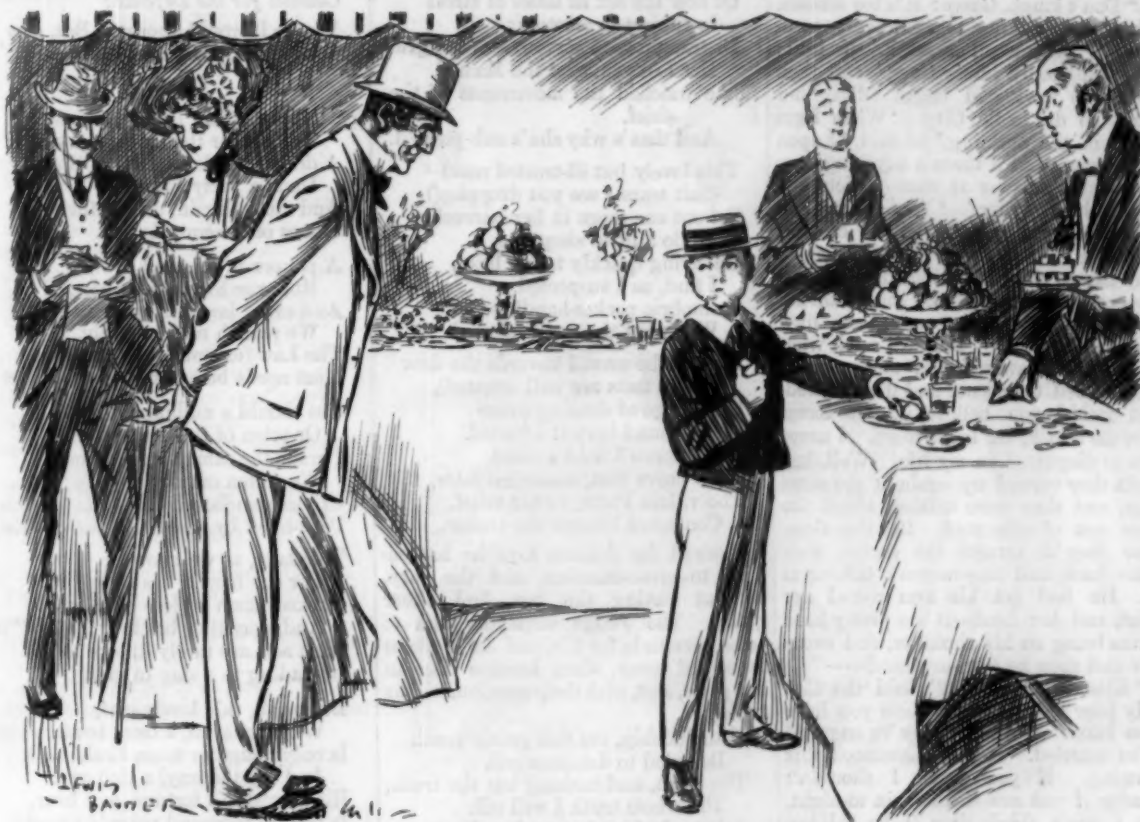


HOME RULE (NEW STYLE)

THE NEW YORK OFFICE

PRINTED BY THE NEW YORK OFFICE

NEW YORK AND LONDON



### THE EVOLUTION OF BOY.

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs."—Locksley Hall.

(Inside a Garden Party Refreshment Tent.)

Visitor (watching schoolboy busy regaling himself with anything within his reach). "WELL, MY BOY, YOU OUGHT TO FEEL VERY LUCKY BEING ALLOWED TO HELP YOURSELF AS YOU LIKE TO ALL THESE GOOD THINGS. IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT WHEN I WAS A BOY. NO SUCH LUXURIES THEN!"

Boy. "I DESSAY SO. BUT THIS IS NOTHING TO WHAT IT WILL BE IN THE NEXT GENERATION."

at scratching a cat behind the ear I ever met. It's simply ripping," and she closed her eyes luxuriously and purred at the mere recollection.

"Well," the Rabbit went on, "she's been about here a good deal lately, paying me visits and throwing bits of cabbage into the hutch—not the outside leaves, but the juicy whitey-yellow inside ones—and I began to take quite a fancy to her. Perhaps, I thought to myself, this is the maiden who is to release me. You know, *Gamp*, I'm not conceited—"

"Ahem," coughed the Cat discreetly.

"What's that you said?" snapped the Rabbit tartly.

"I only coughed," said the Cat. "No, you're not conceited."

"Well, I couldn't help noticing how partial she was to me."

"I hate that word partial," said the Cat. "It's vulgar. Why can't you say that you observed that she had allowed her youthful fancies to linger lovingly on you?"

"That certainly does sound more romantic. I couldn't help noticing, then, that she had let her youthful fancies linger lovingly on me. It wasn't my fault. I didn't try to make her do it, but there it was. This girl, I said to myself, is no fool. She has pierced my melancholy disguise, and has detected the Prince through his white fur coat. Well, I laid

myself out to please her after that, and I thought I'd succeeded. Really, I shouldn't like to tell you half the absurd loving things she said to me the last time she took me up by my ears and carried me about."

"Couldn't you remember one or two of them?" said the Cat.

"No, *Gamp*—or rather, yes I could, but I shall not mention them, because, as you ought to know, no gentleman ever mentions what has passed in confidence between himself and a lady. It is not done in—ahem—good society. However, as I said before, there it was, and things were going on most swimmingly. Well, two nights ago, at about nine o'clock, I heard steps coming this way, and suddenly *Sybil* appeared. She was in a sort of half-dress—"

"Half-dress? What do you mean?" asked the Cat.

"The sort of dress that stops short before it ought to."

"Oh, evening dress, you mean."

"Well, evening dress if you like," said the Rabbit impatiently. "I'm no hand at describing the things women wear. Anyhow, she came along towards the hutch, but she wasn't alone. There was a man with her."

"I bet it was Guy," said the Cat. "A biggish young chap with a smooth face and curly hair?"

"That's him," said the Rabbit.

"He," said the Cat. "He, he."

"Don't laugh, *Gamp*: it's too serious. They were talking together very earnestly. 'Tell me all about it,' she said; 'it's all deeply interesting;' and then he set to work and began telling her what he did in the City. 'When I get there in the morning,' he said, 'I open the letters, and if there's anything very important I answer at once or dictate to a breathless way, as if she was craving for more. 'And then,' he went on, 'I may have a contract to consider. 'How very very interesting,' said she, 'I should like to see you at work some day. Couldn't I help?' I didn't catch what he said in answer, for at that moment they turned the corner and disappeared. But would you believe it, she never gave me a look, far less a word. I never was so disgusted in my life. Well, last night they turned up again at the same time, and they were talking about the same sort of silly stuff. But this time, after they'd turned the corner, they came back, and they weren't talking at all. He had got his arm round her waist, and her head—it's a pretty head—was lying on his shoulder, and every now and then he bent over and—"

"Kissed her, I bet," said the Cat. "My poor old *Bunbutter*, how you have been taken on. Why, they're engaged to be married. It was announced this morning. If you watch I shouldn't wonder if you saw them again to-night, but I don't think they'll be talking about the City, you know."

"They can come as much as they like," said the Rabbit sulkily, "I shan't even look at them. Bah!"

## REVIVAL OF NATIVE GRAND OPERA.

MY DRAPER'S OPERA.

ACT TWO.

We left our hero, it will be remembered, in the hands of the Law, charged on his own confession with stealing a yard of calico. The Second Act reveals the interior of the Court. Chorus of jurymen, who open the Act (here I acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Kipling) with:

We used to be butchers and bakers once,  
Tinkers and candlestick-makers once,  
Soldiers and sailors and tailors once,  
And now we are Jury.

Having obtained silence by saying that he will not have his Court turned into a theatre, the Judge requests counsel for prosecution to open the case for the Crown.

The case proceeds. Counsel for prosecution calls heroine, and sings song:

My most important witness see;  
And glean from her a notion

Of how the sex in times of stress  
Is subject to emotion:  
Distracted with nervousness and grief,  
Her looks suggest the Moenad.  
She watched the movements of the thief,

And that's why she's sub-pœna'd.

This lovely but ill-treated maid  
(Salt tears I see you dropping)  
Set out one morn in her barouche  
To do a little shopping.  
Referring quickly to my brief,  
I find, as I suspected,  
A cambric pocket-handkerchief  
Was what the maid selected.

But, as she moved towards the door  
(These facts are well attested),  
On charge of stealing calico  
She found herself arrested.  
Of evidence I hold a sheaf,  
To prove that, somewhat later,  
The villain *Plopp*, to her relief,  
Confessed himself the traitor.

Counsel for defence says he has no wish to cross-examine, and the jury, without leaving the box, find *Plopp* guilty. The Judge sentences him to penal servitude for life, and he is about to be led away, when heroine rises in her place, and, with deep emotion, begins to sing:

Your ludship, ere this gentle youth  
Be haled to dungeon cell,  
The truth, and nothing but the truth,  
The whole truth I will tell.  
Ashamed of having sunk so low,  
To make amends I'll try:  
You ask who stole that calico?  
Your ludship, it was I.

[Sensation in Court.]

My dear papa's a millionaire,  
And does not stint his child:  
What urged me, then, this crime to dare?

Some impulse, sudden, wild.  
These little hands were never made  
To pick and steal, I know:  
Yet from the narrow path I strayed,  
And stole that calico.

And oh! there is another thing  
Which I must now confess,  
With difficulty conquering  
My maiden bashfulness:  
Though Mrs. GRUNDY might taboo  
The action, I don't care;  
Sir, Mr. *Plopp*, a word with you:  
I worship you. So there!

*Plopp*. Oh, rapture!

[They fly into each other's arms.]

The Judge (wiping away a not unmanly tear):

Although this scene, I don't deny,  
Provokes the sympathetic sigh,  
Yet someone's priggish what isn't his'n,  
So someone's got to go to prison.  
Which of the two I do not know,  
But one or the other has got to go.

## Counsel for the Defence:

Yes, so it would appear. But, stay  
Your ludship, I perceive a way.

## Song.

The laws which govern crimes  
Are subtler than men think 'em:  
A deal depends in modern times  
Upon a party's income,  
And much, again, on whether he  
Comes of a county family.

A pauper who is bad  
Must rue his error dearly;  
And every law-infringing cad  
We punish most severely.  
The Law (except to the elect)  
Must needs be harsh to earn respect.

But should a millionaire  
Or scion of the peerage  
Pursue the same illegal game,  
We soften our severe rage:  
Crimes somehow do not seem so wrong,  
Performed by one whose purse is long.

This lady, as we know,  
For she herself has owned it,  
Marked down a piece of calico,  
And, speaking briefly, "boned" it.  
Such acts are rarely known to fail  
In leading to a stay in gaol.

But mark, this lovely girl,  
Whose charms, I own, bewitch one,  
Is only daughter to an Earl,  
And (by the way) a rich one.  
His Lordship's fortune, so I hear,  
Is twenty thousand pounds a year.

Such being her papa  
(So runs the law of Britain),  
Not theft, but Kleptomania  
Must her offence be written.  
And thus, it's needless to explain,  
She leaves the Court without a stain.

Huge applause in gallery. Judge blesses hero and heroine, and all present adjourn to the nearest church for the wedding. Curtain.

There, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, you have it. And if the *Draper's Record* is not satisfied now, it ought to be.

I remain, Yours, &c.,  
HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

TAKING THE CAKE.—In an interview in the *Daily Mail* with Captain VOSS, who has made a voyage round the world in a dug-out, the gallant mariner says:

"I wished to put into the Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean, because an old lady in Nelson, New Zealand, had entrusted me with a fruit cake which she had made for her son, who is employed at the cable station in the Cocos. But unfortunately the wind failed, and the currents drifted me out of my course."

The last sentence is of course a mistake. It should run: "But unfortunately the currants failed, and the wind drifted me out of my course."



## A CLOSE FINISH.

["A marriage is arranged between Miss DIANA DASHINGTON and Lord BROADACRES." Such announcements should occasionally be followed by the reflections of the unsuccessful lady competitor.]

THE race of the season is over;  
I've lost and DIANA has won;  
She's feasting on BROADACRES' clover,  
And I am right out of the fun.  
Though DI was the one to begin it,  
She soon found me making the pace;  
I thought all along I should win it,  
And only backed her for a place.

At Ascot DIANA was leading;  
At Henley I spurted ahead;  
At Cowes side by side we were speeding;  
At Trouville I fancy I led.  
Neck to neck we ran, shoulder to  
shoulder,  
The pace was too killing to last—  
(If the weather had only been colder!)—  
I flagged, and DIANA shot past.

My heart's not by any means broken;  
I hope I'm not wanting in pluck;  
A tear or two, low be it spoken,  
Then I kissed her and wished her  
good luck.  
DI won the race fairly as stated;  
But when her attractions are reckoned  
My own must not be underrated—  
I finished a very good second!

## MR. BROWN AT BREAKFAST.

## II.—ON THE ARMY.

ASTONISHING lot of nonsense the *Daily Wire* prints about military affairs . . . no, I do not waste my time reading it. Any intelligent citizen, MARY, is bound to take an interest in things of this sort. And our Army is rotten, Madam—rotten to the core. . . . What? That reminds you, shall TOMKINS be told to pick the apples? As you please—I'm not talking about apples. Just consider these Manœuvres, and the plain common-sense lessons they teach you. First of all, a force lands in England without opposition. There's a pretty state of things! . . . No, I didn't say they *had* interfered with us—but just think of the disgrace! Not one General, Madam, not one single General capable of defending this unhappy country. And yet it is to support these expensive frauds that I have to pay taxes! . . . Well, if he calls again, tell him that I will attend to the matter. There's the rent and rates to be seen to first, and goodness knows, with your housekeeping and ETHEL's dress bills—but I was talking about the Army.

Incompetent profligates, that's what the officers are. What sort of life do they lead? Getting up late, playing polo and hunting, eating luxurious dinners, bullying respectable young men and ducking them in horse-ponds



Fair Visitor (to new Curate, who has lamed himself falling over a croquet hoop). "GOOD-BYE, MR. PERCIVAL, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU UP, AND NEXT TIME I CALL I HOPE TO FIND YOU OUT."

—there's a life for you. . . . What do you know about it, Miss ETHEL? . . . Captain PONSONBY told you? You can tell *him* something then. Tell him that Britons of common-sense—like myself—don't mean to stand the present way of going on much longer. Drastic changes . . . No, I'm not trying to break the table, MARY . . . drastic changes are absolutely necessary.

First of all there must be a clean sweep at the War Office. Men of brains and common-sense are wanted there. Then we must organise a great army, to guard the coast all round England. The man who will not serve his time as a militiaman or volunteer is not worthy of the name of Englishman, and the fruit . . . I told you once about those apples, I do wish you wouldn't interrupt. . . . If they're not picked to-day they'll have to wait for three weeks? Why?

TOMKINS can pick them next time he comes. As I was saying, the militia system must be developed, and—eh? TOMKINS won't be here for three weeks? Got to go into camp for his training? Well, I call it perfectly disgraceful! Here I pay a man high wages to attend to my garden once a week, and then this miserable system takes him away, at the most inconvenient time, to play at soldiers! . . . If I have time to-night, MARY, I shall write a strongish letter to the *Daily Wire* on the subject.

## The War in Little.

Lady (to Gardener). Well, JOHN, have you read about the great battle between the Russians and the Japanese?

Gardener. Yes, Mum, and I'm going to follow suit. I'm going to pot some chrysanthemums.

## THE PHILANTHROPIST AND THE CONSTABLE;

OR, SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

*Philanthropist.* Recent events have shown that the police have a totally false view of their duties, and that we are on the eve of great reforms, which I hope personally to do something to assist. You seem to be a very intelligent officer—will you answer a few questions?

*Constable.* Talk away.

*P.* Well, what is it you do?

*C.* Sometimes I'm on point duty.

*P.* What is that?

*C.* Controlling the traffic.

*P.* Ah, yes, I've seen you. You hold up your hand and stop the horses.

*C.* That's it.

*P.* Poor things!

*C.* Who?

*P.* The horses. Stopped like that by the arbitrary hand of petty officialdom, when they want to be trotting along in their free, happy way. It is the same thing wherever one looks—hard unsympathetic power, repressing and coercing.

*C.* But I say—

*P.* And what other duties have you?

*C.* Why, I keep the peace. If anyone does wrong I arrest him.

*P.* Arrest him? What, before he has been tried?

*C.* Well, he can't be tried until he gets to the Court; and it isn't likely he'll go to the Court of his own free will.

*P.* And yet he is innocent until he is proved guilty. What right have you to submit an innocent man to the indignity of public arrest and a public procession through the streets?

*C.* I don't know where I am! Suppose someone saw him do it?

*P.* It doesn't matter. The man is innocent until he's proved guilty.

*C.* Everyone's guilty of something—if we only knew.

*P.* Perhaps, but that mustn't be the police view. The world, in the police view, should be peopled by white souls.

*C.* Well, I give it up. But how is he to be proved guilty if he's not taken to the Court?

*P.* I'm afraid that I must compromise with you there. He must be taken to the Court, but it must be done with scrupulous delicacy and consideration.

*C.* Scrupulous what?

*P.* Scrupulous delicacy and consideration. You should be rather the friend than the enemy. I wish some less formal and repelling uniform could be found for you.

*C.* It's all right, isn't it?

*P.* I don't like it. I don't like your boots. They suggest Juggernaut to me.

*C.* Juggernaut—?

*P.* Juggernaut. A huge car that crushes its victims beneath it.

*C.* I say—

*P.* I don't like your helmet. It's perhaps the least winning, the least ingratiating type of all English head-gear. Can you make soup in it?

*C.* I never tried.

*P.* Do try. If it could be used to make soup in, or beef-tea to administer to your clients on the way to the Police Station, it would be transformed from an emblem of coercion to a utensil of charity.

*C.* I never thought of that before.

*P.* And your tunic, with that forbidding belt, and that unsympathetic

*P.* There, that's better. You're quite catching the spirit. But I fear that chocolate creams are going too far. There is a hint of pampering there. No, let us have an umbrella instead of a truncheon (just as swords were made into ploughshares, you know) to shelter the suspected in the wet.

*C.* Just as you like.

*P.* And what are those things in your pocket?

*C.* These are handcuffs.

*P.* Handcuffs! Worse and worse. When do you use them?

*C.* Oh, some of your innocents now and then have to be looked after, to prevent their innocence doing any one harm.

*P.* No wonder, poor fellows! How would you like to be misunderstood like that?

*C.* But, look here, don't you think anyone ever did anything?

*P.* I don't say that, but I think that to know all is to forgive all.

*C.* Do you mind saying that very slowly?

*P.* Certainly. To know all is to forgive all.

*C.* I see what you mean. But isn't that asking a good lot from a constable?

*P.* There you put your finger on the chief flaw. Our constables are not sufficiently advanced. They are chosen now for their size and muscle. They ought to be chosen for their qualities of head and heart.

*C.* And what do you want me to do if I find a burglar in your house?

*P.* Oh, every inquiry should be made, and he should be given a fresh start in life.

*C.* Suppose he has murdered you before I get there?

*P.* It would have been done, I am sure, in a momentary aberration.

*C.* I'm not so sure. [Exit.



First Monkey. "OSTRICH IS GOING TOO STRONG FOR ELEPHANT. HE SEEMS FULL OF LUCK."

Second Monkey. "YES; I UNDERSTAND HE SWALLOWED FOUR HORSE-SHOES BEFORE THE GAME STARTED!"

band round your sleeve—couldn't we alter that?

*C.* It's rather admired.

*P.* Oh yes, by the unsuspected; not by the suspected.

*C.* Well, why should they admire it?

*P.* Why should they not?

*C.* It's not usual, it's not natural.

*P.* Let us make it usual and natural. My object is to make the policeman the suspected man's courteous friend, the suspected woman's chivalrous protector.

*C.* Great Scotland Yard!

*P.* Let me see, what's that thing like a stick?

*C.* That's my truncheon.

*P.* Let me feel it. Why, it's hard!

*C.* Of course; it's for hitting people, when they're obstinate.

*P.* Hitting! But that won't do. How very retrograde! We must have new ones, made of something soft, in case they were used by accident. They must be emblems of authority, portents of what might happen; they must not be used.

*C.* Couldn't they be made hollow to hold chocolate creams for the poor lady prisoners?

TO FREE TRADERS AND MATRIMONIAL AGENTS.—Attention is called to a cheap line in matches (four boxes a penny), made in Sweden. The following notice rather strikes one on the box: "These matches are specially prepared so that the ends do not drop off, and the match grows gold immediately after the flame is extinguished." All of course is not gold that splutters; but if matrimonial agents could undertake that the matches they arrange should "grow gold immediately after the flame is extinguished" we should hear less of disillusiones sequent upon the damping of early enthusiasm.





*Mother of unprepossessing Youngster.* "YES, WE HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH HIM WHEN HE WAS A BABY!"  
*Visitor.* "AND NOW, I'M SURE, THE LITTLE MAN HAS TURNED OUT TO BE A BLESSING IN DISGUISE!"

### MUSICAL NOTES.

THE spread of motoring amongst the musical profession was agreeably manifested at the Gloucester Musical Festival which was held with great *éclat* last week. The beautiful town of Gloucester was not only gay with bunting but fragrant with petrol, and every species of self-propelled vehicle, from the dwarf jinrickshawette to the motor-caravan, might be seen speeding through the quaint streets of the sleepy old Cathedral town. Perhaps the most general attention was attracted by Sir EDWARD ELGAR's sumptuous 45-h.p. Mors omnibus with enamelled chunking-knobs and sliding bandolier. The interior of the car was beautifully upholstered in limp lamb-skin, and the chauffeur, a stalwart jäger from the Bavarian Highlands, was much admired.

Sir CHARLES STANFORD rode over every day from Malvern on his dainty little Flamingo auto-gram. By a happy thought he had fixed a gramophone attachment to his horn, with the result that as he went along he was able to snort out tasteful selections from the best composers. We cannot but think that this method of combining education

with safety is destined to a great future. Probably the fastest and certainly the most vivacious car at Gloucester last week was Sir HUBERT PARRY's 60-h.p. Frasquita, in which he is reported to have negotiated the road to his country seat at the rate of ninety miles an hour. Last Wednesday, owing to the unclamping of the bonzoline ball bearings, the gusset-winch became jammed in the divot-spandril, and Sir HUBERT was unable to apply the brake, with the result that his Frasquita burst into a preserve manufactory in College Street, and was literally smothered in plum jam. The occupants of the car were extricated with considerable difficulty, but without any serious casualties, and a salvo of cheers greeted the intrepid composer as he entered the Shire Hall in a sticky but otherwise undefeated condition.

Amongst other tasteful turn-outs we noticed the Dean's 3-cylinder 15-min. Sermonette, Miss MURIEL FOSTER's low C-spring Humberdinck Landaulette, Mr. GRANVILLE BANTOCK's Fafner-Bols Carriole, driven by the new rectified "Time-spirit," and Mr. COATES's Plasmon Droschky with corrugated bascules.

Amongst the foreign visitors Professor KRUMRASCHER was conspicuous by the size of his butterfly tie, and the diameter of his sombrero. Professor KRUMRASCHER, it may be mentioned, is the youngest of ten brothers, none of whom weighs less than nine stone.

### A Whimsical Alternative.

FROM the *Exchange and Mart*, Sept. 2:  
 "Wanted Harmonium or 12-bore gun."

### Sons of Harmony.

"THE following resolution," says the *Northern Echo*, in its report of a meeting of the North-East Council of the Postmen's Federation, "was carried thwinnu matiiny hichw shrlu cmfw carried with unanimity." As SHEUDAN says, in *The Critic*, "When they do agree their unanimity is wonderful."

A CORRESPONDENT complains that being on a bicycle he passed an L.C.C. notice-board which said, THIS ROAD IS CLOSED. Almost immediately afterwards he found that it was really OPEN, and fell into the aperture.



### THE RETORT CURTEOUS.

Motorist (cheerfully—to fellow-guest in house party). "WHAT LUCK? KILLED ANYTHING?"  
Angler (bitterly). "No. HAVE YOU?"

### NEW HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BY OUR OWN UN-BEETON DOMESTIC  
ECONOMIST.

#### I.—How to make several pots of Marmalade out of a few kind words.

TAKE any inexperienced and recently married young woman. Draw her gently and casually into conversation on the subject of *preserves*. Then drop a few hints, not too many, to the effect that you cannot understand the common aversion to "shop" marmalade. If this appears to produce slight irritation, then force the topic lightly, without causing her to boil over. If she throws in something about "carrots" and "street-sweepings," don't give it time to settle, but keep gently stirring. When all is ready, say quite pleasantly that you yourself prefer the manufactures of Messrs. P—— or K—— to "any household marmalade you ever ate." Then leave the whole to simmer. *In a few days she will send you several pots of her own make.*

#### II.—How to get a new hat gratis.

Choose an old and well-worn "topper" and brush with greatest care, so as to

make quite presentable. Then take some stout, short-sighted and well-to-do friend to a cheap concert, carefully selecting seats in a rather dark corner.

At a convenient interval, while you are both standing, *slip your hat carefully onto his seat*. Then begin telling him an amusing anecdote, and before you reach the point (stifling a burst of laughter as if the thing were too good to tell) *sit down suddenly*. He will probably do the same.

Having made sure the hat is completely smashed, be careful (i.) to exclaim, and with some heat, at the loss of it; and then (ii.) to recover yourself quickly and say, "Never mind, it is only an old one."

*Note.*—The above two recipes cannot be used twice on the same person.

#### III.—How to dine cheaply (with an alternative).

Choose an evening when there is a certain prospect of heavy rain. Then, carefully leaving behind your mackintosh and umbrella, walk some little distance to the house of any not very intimate friends. You should be *late for tea* (as this will leave an initial impression of

purity of motive on your part, and defective hospitality on theirs), and decline, at all risks, to have it recalled. Make yourself as pleasant as possible for some time, keeping a careful but surreptitious eye on the weather.

*As soon as it is pouring heavily*, rise and make a demonstration of going. Then look out of the window, and ostentatiously simulating surprise lament that you have no protection against the rain. They will probably press you with apparent heartiness to stay to dinner.

If there is any hesitation about this (but you must give it a few minutes to mature) ask, simply and apologetically, *the loan of an umbrella*.

They will probably prefer the other alternative. If not, *take the best*.

THE ASCENT OF ANIMALS.—"House-keeper (middle-aged) wanted, in a farmhouse, for an elderly gentleman, two in family (two cows), must be a good cook."—*From the "Taunton Gazette."*

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—"Kent Coast. Home-killed butcher's business; rent £35, &c."—*Daily Mail.*

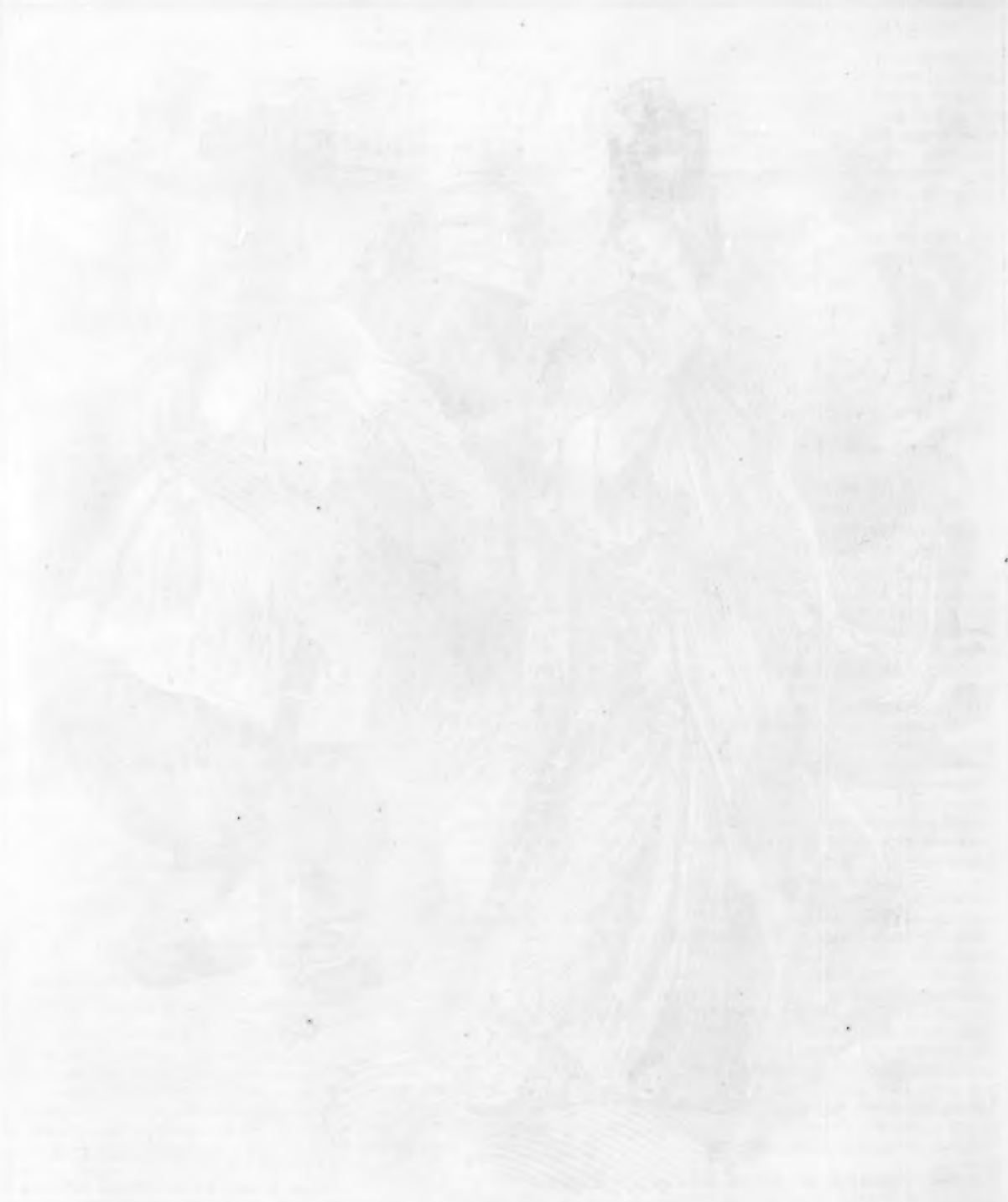


### EN ROUTE.

EUROPE. "CHANGING YOUR PLANS?"

RUSSIAN BEAR. "NOT AT ALL, MADAM. I ALWAYS UNDERTOOK TO EVACUATE MANCHURIA;  
AND THE PROMISES OF RUSSIA ARE SACRED!"





# THE ART OF SLEEP.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Telegraph* of Sept. 7, there is shortly to be opened in Paris a school to teach persons how to sleep well and gracefully. A branch establishment will simultaneously be inaugurated in London. Mr. Punch takes leave to make the following extracts from the Prospectus:—

## VISITOR.

His Grace the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

## PRINCIPAL.

The Rector of Little Snoring, Norfolk.

## HUSHERS.

The HOME SECRETARY (Legal Department).

Mr. MASKELYNE (Hypnotic Course).

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN (Editor of "Baby").

Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM (Theatrical Lectures).

Sir J. W. SZLUMBER (Sleeping Partnership).

Registered Telegraphic Address:

"Sleep-walker, London."

SUBJECTS OF INSTRUCTION INCLUDED IN THE REGULAR COURSE.

Pyjamas and their Construction.

Behaviour in a Sleeping-car.

How not to Snore through sermons.

The Treatment of Twins during Teething-time.

Nightcaps and other Sleeping-draughts.

Warming-pans, Etiquette of.

Four-posters, how to make with a Pocket-knife.

Sleeping Beauty-culture.

Sonnambulism for Ladies, First Steps in.

Appropriate Costume for the same.

Apple-pie Beds, how to lay, enter, and avenge them.

Cold Pig and its application.

Nightmares, their Origin, Development and Classification.

Curtain Lectures for all, with Selected Repartees.

Auto-hypnotism, or Lullabies for the Lonesome.

Sheep-counting and like Soporifics.

Management of Lighted Candle before, and after, Falling Asleep.

Expeditions Modes of Escape from Fire in Bedrooms.

Getting out of Bed the Wrong Side in the Morning, How to Avoid.

Sleeping round the Clock, when Permissible.

The Early Worm, Moral Reflections on.

*Pulex irritans*, Advice with Regard to. Forms of Protest to Landlady concerning the same.

Park-benches, Use of, in Emergencies.

The Plank-bed, Best Positions on.

The Hammock as an Aid to Flirtation.

Ditto, Simple Way to Fall out of.



Wife. "I HOPE YOU TALKED PLAINLY TO HIM."

Husband. "I DID INDEED. I TOLD HIM HE WAS A FOOL, A PERFECT FOOL!"

Wife (approvingly). "DEAR JOHN! HOW EXACTLY LIKE YOU!"

Object-lessons in illustration of the above Syllabus of Lectures will be given by competent instructors at the Central Sleep-Depôt, but pupils, who may be of any age, size, or sex, will be required to pursue their studies in the new Art at their own private residences, dormitories, Rowton Houses, or opium dens.

In return for a rise in wages, the messenger boys of Newark (N.J.) have all signed an agreement not to smoke or read sensational novels during working-hours. The authorities were at a loss to know why the lads signed so readily, and it was only discovered afterwards that nothing had been said about watching dog-fights.

## Embarras de Richesse.

Mr. Punch had always understood that "the profession" was overcrowded, but had no idea that its case was as bad as the following advertisement from a provincial paper would seem to indicate:

ACTORS and ACTRESSES of Note; 200,000 in Stock: plain, hand-coloured, jewelled and luminous . . .

Of these descriptive epithets, all but the last have an air of genuineness, and No. 1 reveals an astonishing candour; but "luminous" is so doubtful that one is inclined to suspect a hoax.

NEW NAME FOR THE JAPANESE.—The Eikonoclasts.

## THOUGHT FORCES.

BETTY always says that thoughts are things, and BETTY knows, for she has been to twelve lectures on the subject. Mr. HOMS, the lecturer, says that each thought we think is an electric current or powerful magnetic force which attracts to it everything corresponding to its expression. I tried to explain this to EMILY, my sister-in-law.

"EMILY," I said, "I hear your father's indigestion is no better, and it never will be if he is always concentrating on its imperfections."

She replied that his digestive pills had come.

"My dear EMILY," I cried, "a pill cannot alter the balance of a consciousness. I wish you could attend Mr. HOMS's lectures. He is such a nice man, with a dimple in his chin." I was glad EMILY did not seem to care for further explanations, as Mr. HOMS, though very interesting, is often a little confusing.

BETTY's letters, too, on the subject of Mental Science are often very puzzling. She writes:—

"DEAR MEG,—You say you sometimes find your thoughts are growing beyond your control. Remember what Mr. HOMS said in his last lecture, that to acknowledge an unreality was a sure way of making it a reality. I have been thinking a good deal about what you said concerning your thought-currents. They are too strong if they oblige you to hold on to the furniture or catch at the arm of your nearest neighbour. I should say the desire for physical support shows great want of mental ballast and too much thought-expansion. It would be well to poise on a contraction. Think of the cause of the expansion, if there be one, as half its original size. Your affectionate BETTY."

"P.S.—If you have your copy of *What are your Atoms?* I think you will find Chapter II. very helpful—How to balance on nothing."

It took me a long time to understand the meaning of poising on a contraction, but it came to me when I was staying with my mother-in-law, for when I am with her my consciousness expands with nervous irritation like a sponge which is filled with water. As she is only five feet one, it was difficult to poise on a contraction by thinking of her as half her original size, but I persevered and was rewarded by my thought-currents settling comfortably down round my mother-in-law.

Towards the end of our visit she was taken ill. "Lady WORLEY is suffering from mental strain and nervous contraction," I heard Dr. TYMS say to my father-

in-law. His words made me so uncomfortable that I wrote at once to BETTY.

This was her reply:—

"DEAR MEG,—You want to know if it is possible to reduce the human body by poising on a contraction. It can be done. Mr. HOMS told me he took four stone off his mother, her original weight being seventeen, simply by applying the law of contraction. I don't quite know how you begin, and I have no books with me, so cannot attempt an explanation.

"It would be the making of your sisters-in-law to attend a five-guinea course of lectures Mr. HOMS is giving on 'How to vibrate at a moment's notice.'

"If they were to join, you need not have them to stay; an early morning train would get them up in heaps of time."

This letter gave me very little real assistance.

"The dreadful part is," I replied, "that I cannot get off the poise however much I try. I still see my mother-in-law in the form of a contraction and as she ought not to be—half her original size."

Two mornings after our return home I sought the assistance of Mr. HOMS. His wife was present, and this I found rather embarrassing.

Mr. HOMS, too, kept smiling all over his broad, red face when I was talking, which was very disconcerting, but when I told him that I was afraid my mother-in-law's illness was entirely my fault he looked delightfully sympathetic.

"If only I hadn't poised on a contraction it wouldn't have mattered so much, would it?" I said. "Or do you think everything matters, and she will shrink away to nothing, if I keep on seeing her like that, and how am I to prevent myself from doing so?"

Mrs. HOMS remarked it was a providential coincidence they hadn't sailed for New York last week, as they had intended doing.

"Look here, dear," said Mr. HOMS, "there's no good mincing matters. I guess you'd be happier to know the truth, which is the mainspring of this universe. I reckon you've been having a dip into my little book," he continued, laying his hand on a copy of *What are your Atoms?*

I nodded.

"Just so," he returned, "and by misapplying its directions you've got your mother-in-law revolving round such a small circle, so to speak, that it will take Mrs. HOMS and myself a very considerable time to get your relation fixed up to the right rate of vibration."

I looked at him aghast.

"A very considerable time," Mr. HOMS repeated. "No one can continually

imbibe a powerful suggestion without feeling its effects."

Mrs. HOMS was more encouraging.

"I don't say as how you haven't got things in a jumble," she said, "by pushing the old lady out of her course, and that it won't take time and money to get her back again, but there isn't any reason why she shouldn't be brought safe round to her original starting-point by me and Mr. HOMS. Why, it's just lovely to help them who can't help themselves, and it makes us just wild to be obliged to charge a small fee for so doing."

"I should think," I said, "that helping people to manage their thought powers must make you very busy, as they seem so dangerous."

"It's this way, dear," returned Mr. HOMS. "We begin here," and he pointed to the middle of his bald head, "and we end here," and he glanced down at his boots.

"It's real lovely," interposed Mrs. HOMS, "to hear them talk, and it's real lovely to help them to understand what does belong to them, that they've each got a great big consciousness that will vibrate and respond to any mood they like to suggest."

"Your consciousness is in such a sensitive condition," said Mr. HOMS, "that the thoughts it throws off are charged with a perfect battery of electric force. If it weren't so do you think your mother-in-law would have lost power at such a rate?"

"Why don't you warn people?" I groaned; "how was I to know that by trying to reduce my thought expansion by thinking of the object of its expansion in the form of a contraction, I should hurt it physically—no, her, I mean, or is it it?" I looked helplessly at Mr. HOMS.

He smiled encouragingly.

"Seems to me what you want is to have things put before you clear and simple," he said. "Why not take one or two preliminary lessons from me or Mrs. HOMS? Single lessons one guinea, five guineas for the course of six."

"I'd just love to have you coming around of a morning," said that lady, "and we'd have a real cosy talk, beginning with how to know your atoms, and working up gradual till you felt free and friendly with all your own, and any other thought currents around."

As it appeared that the fees were payable in advance, I thought I would put Mr. HOMS's system to a fresh test, and poise on a contraction, in the hope of seeing them at half-price. The failure of this test made me so suspicious of the whole methods that I left without paying, and must now reluctantly leave the restoration of my mother-in-law in the hands of Providence.





"THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH FOR THE STAR."

Mistress. "AND YOU DARE TO TELL ME, BELINDA, THAT YOU HAVE ACTUALLY ANSWERED A THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENT? HOW COULD YOU BE SUCH A WICKED GIRL?"  
 Belinda (sighing). "WELL, MUM,—OTHER YOUNG LADIES—GOW ON THE—STAGE—WHY SHOULDN'T I GOW?"

**RAILWAY REFRESHMENTS:**

**OR, NONE BUT THE BRAVE CAN  
STAND THE FARE.**

A CONFERENCE of Railway Refreshments was recently held at the Crystal Palace, and was attended by a large number of delegates who fairly represented a wide-spread community.

**A VETERAN HAM SANDWICH**  
from Stafford, unanimously voted into the chair by reason of seniority, said he was proud to occupy this position, as he had seen many 'years' service, and although he was now doing duty as a foundation sandwich at the bottom of a pile, he had no reason to doubt that he had still a long and useful career before him, and might some day even reach the top again. He went on to say that the meeting was convened to discuss the important question, How is the travelling public to obtain reasonably decent refreshments at fair prices and at seasonable times? He would now invite the delegates to give their views, and would ask them not all to speak at once.

**A BATH BUN**  
from Rugby, who said he was very tired, having been on night duty for three weeks, remarked that he thought the public were themselves to blame, and he would suggest a severe boycott on their part. He ventured to guarantee that such a course would soon induce a better state of things.

**A MEAT PIE**  
from Norwich, looking rather battered, said he did not agree with that; the public was caught in a trap as it were. They struggled manfully against imposition. He himself had been refused three times during the last week by as many commercial travellers, but even they had been compelled by hunger to eat something at last—a sawdust biscuit. No, he thought that the better feelings of the Railway Companies should be appealed to. Here a general chorus broke in to the effect that Railway Companies had no better feelings; during which the Meat Pie sat down.

**A BANBURY CAKE**  
on decoy duty at Liverpool Street apologised for his youth, being only just turned a week old, and suggested that a little wholesome competition would be

useful. This juvenile, however, was called to order by the Chairman, who said that the time of the meeting could not be wasted by talking of impossibilities. Whereupon a

**LUNCHEON BASKET**

from Euston rose. After stating that he had travelled a great deal, he said that he had noticed that wherever the catering at the various stations was let out to private

out of his quality and laid him open to criminal charges he thought it time to open his mouth.

**A GLASS OF BITTER**

endorsed the last speaker's remarks, and said he was sorry to say that he also was sniffed and sneered at on account of his size.

**AN ATTENUATED SAUSAGE,**

looking rather lonely on his plate, notwithstanding a brave garnish of parsley, announced that he had heard several ungentlemanly remarks as to the apathy and indifference of the young ladies who ornamented the official side of the counters. He hoped, he sincerely hoped, that these were as a rule uncalled for. He himself was sufficiently well bred (*laughter*) not to make any comment, but he might say the matter required looking to.

**A CUP OF BOVRIL**

(Warrington), who looked very pale, and was so weak that he could scarcely stand, said with some difficulty that he must protest. He vowed that all the "countesses" with whom he had the honour to have dealings were most obliging; he could say of his own knowledge that, when a passenger required a cup of Bovril, they would immediately put the kettle on to boil, and serve him if possible in twenty minutes. He would mention that

**A CUP OF TEA,**

who was to have accompanied him, would have endorsed his remarks had he not been so strong that he stopped on the way to give some navvies a good tannin.

**A SEGMENT OF PORK PIE,**

who had been travelling all night from Bristol, and looked rather dishevelled in consequence, proposed, and a venerable grey-bearded SARDINE (Preston) seconded, that a report of this meeting be forwarded to the Railway Companies of the kingdom.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and a vote of thanks accorded to the Chairman, who, in dismissing the several delegates to their homes, impressed upon them the importance of conducting themselves soberly and staidly as befitting their age, and exhorted them to keep their freshness of appearance as long as possible.



*Historian.* "BOY, IS THIS THE FIELD UPON WHICH THE GREAT BATTLE WAS FOUGHT?"

*Native Boy.* "NO, ZUR, THAT BE IT AT THE TOP OF THAT HILL."

*Historian.* "DEAR, DEAR! THAT HILL MUST BE QUITE A MILE AWAY!"

*(Playfully)* "WHY EVER DIDN'T THEY FIGHT IT IN THIS FIELD?"

*Boy.* "I SUPPOSE BECAUSE THIS HERE YIELD BELONGS TO VARMER JOHNSON. HE NEVER WILL LEND HIS YIELDS FOR ANYTHING, NOT EVEN FOR T' VILLAGE SPORTS!"

local concerns the refreshments were vastly superior to those provided by the Railway Companies, and he therefore suggested that the catering should be universally put out to tender.

He was followed by someone in the bottom of a tumbler who said he was "Scotch."

This speaker declared that he had to suffer a great deal of contumely and abuse; in fact had actually been accused of poisoning people. It was bad enough to be scorned on account of meagre dimensions, but when the Companies sought to make unwarrantable profit

### WAS OMAR KHAYYAM A GOLFER?

[Space does not permit the publication of more than a selection from our Correspondent's lengthy letter.]

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I was astounded at an article in a recent issue of your organ, evidently from the pen of a Scotsman, claiming OMAR KHAYYAM as a devotee of golf.

Sir! O. K. was a cricketer, a professional who probably began his career as a groundsman. It would be his duty to erect the marquees, hence he is known as "OMAR the Tent-Maker."

It was contended even then that the distinction between amateur and professional was invidious; he

"Heard great argument  
About it, and about; but evermore  
Came out by the same door as in I  
went."

Then, too, existed the slogger and the stonewaller. "Let Rustum lay about him as he will," is a distinct reference to the JESSOP of his time. As he philosophically observes, you can but get a blob at the worst:

"Thou shalt be nothing—Thou  
shalt not be less."

His mention of the potterer "thumping the wet clay" is a succinct allusion to the old Scotton type of player patting the worn patches on a sticky wicket while "time is slipping underneath our feet."

Your contributor cites for his golf argument the celebrated stanza beginning, "The ball no question makes—"

There could be no more convincing evidence of the blindness that comes of preconceived opinion. As well might one attempt to deduce from it OMAR's participation in football under the Rugby code. "The ball no question makes of Eyes and Nose," might indeed, on a cursory observation, seem to point to this conclusion.

But the real key to the quatrain is found when one looks at it as a record of OMAR's having been given "run out," much to his dissatisfaction.

"The ball no question makes of Ayes or Noes." Either OMAR or his partner had called "Yes" while the other had said "No."

The last line is said to be "a very mysterious line." It is only so in conjunction with the third line: "he that threw thee down into the field." If this be corrected to "he that threw thee out from the longfield," then "he

knows about it all, he knows, he knows!" becomes simply the expression of OMAR's opinion that, although he was given out, the fieldsman who, presumably, appealed must have known that OMAR was a yard past the wickets when the ball hit them.

OMAR's "benefit" would appear to have not been a success; he speaks of having "sold my reputation for a song." The last quatrain of the Rubaiyat alludes to his final innings in which he unfortunately failed. It would seem that the



### ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

The Ram (stentoriously, just as Brown has missed a two-pounder at least). "BAR!"

match was played on the home ground, as he alludes to the visiting team ("The Guests") as being "scattered on the grass," no doubt while waiting for the next batsman. His score of one, probably one of a series of small scores, makes him conscious of failing powers, and he thus addresses one of the younger members of the team:

And then thyself with shining foot shalt pass  
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,  
And in thy joyous errand reach the spot  
Where I made one.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,  
SEEBEE PHIL.

### HOW THEY GOT THERE.

[According to a correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, Sir WILLIAM GRANTHAM attributes his elevation to the Bench to an amusing misunderstanding. It appears that the late QUEEN heard only the first part of the remark made by a high authority, who described Sir WILLIAM as "a good judge of a horse."]

DURING one of Mr. BALFOUR's visits to Windsor, the conversation turned on the beauty of our English cathedrals, and one of the company, referring to York, but chancing to point at that moment to Mr. BALFOUR, observed, "That's a prime minister." Her late MAJESTY, who had followed the speaker's gesture, seemed much impressed. The sequel we all know.

"My appointment as Poet Laureate," said Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, "was, I believe, entirely due to my early addiction to musical comedy. I had the benefit of close association with the Great VANCE, and he was good enough to say that I was 'the greatest singer of a comic song of any amateur he knew.' Some years afterwards, when the post of Poet Laureate was vacant, Lord SALISBURY made inquiries and the remark of VANCE was repeated to him. He only heard, however, the first three words, and supposed that I was described as a poet. That, I believe, is how I qualified for the annual butt of sherry."

LORD ROSEBERRY's selection to succeed Mr. GLADSTONE as Leader of the Liberal Party is generally ascribed to the recommendation of his predecessor, but the details of the decision have never been made public before. It now transpires that Mr. GLADSTONE, alluding to the literary gifts of Lord ROSEBERRY, once observed, "What a splendid leader writer he would make."

The remark was overheard by several influential members of the Party, who, however, failed to catch the fifth word in the sentence we have quoted, with results which are already ancient history.

### Latest concerning the War.

WHAT is the difference between an English soldier and a Russian soldier?  
One is TOMMY ATKINS and the other KUROPO-ATKIN'S.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS' NEW ADDRESS.—  
Tooting Beck.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"HERE'S another GUY"—which his surname be BOOTHBY, novelist, who, in his latest work entitled *A Bride from the Sea* (JOHN LONG), gives us a tale of romantic adventure such as, it may be hoped, will be ever dear to the heart, and welcome to the intelligence, of the readily appreciative Baron. Is it a book for youth? Then is the Baron young enough to welcome it. Is it a book for boys? Let it be so; *mazima debetur pueris*, and, *pro hac vice*, the boyish Baron is all agog for the very best incidents of adventure and "deeds

of derring do." The older the boy the greater the treat, and the more fervently does he cherish his juvenescence. Here we have another "story of Elizabeth." But this *Elizabeth*, the charming heroine of GUY BOOTHBY'S tale, is a young, beautiful and fascinating Spanish maiden of noble family, wrecked, and left for dead upon the horrid rocks of a wild Devonian coast. She is christened *Elizabeth, faute de mieux*, in honour of the Bounding British Bess, who happened to be the occupant of the English throne when this lovely waif was cast upon the shores of our hospitable island. Fortunately this fair flotsam of Spanish extraction is found, all alive O, by Master Gilbert Peniston, son and heir of Sir Matthew Peniston, knight, lord of this particularly rocky manor. Sir Gilbert, in his very youthful days, had been a gallant at the court of Bluff King HAL, whence, having a curious instinct as to self-preservation, he had fled, while yet his head remained to him, in order to settle down quietly as a fine old country gentleman, with a considerable estate and a devoted tenantry. How this excellent old knight's son, Master Gilbert, falls in love with the Spanish waif; how the Spanish waif, about to become his wife, is rudely snatched from him; how he pursues the captors and the captured, and what comes of the pursuit,—all this, and more, in wholesale and detail, forms the plot of as varied a series of stirring adventures as any peaceful lover of genuine melodrama could possibly desire. Of course the narrative is given in the language of the Elizabethan gadzooks period, which has more or less to be adapted to the ease and comfort of a twentieth-century rapid reader. But, all due allowance having been made, the Baron feels sure that in recommending this story to the not too fastidious in literary matters, and generally to those who seek in a novel relaxation and recreation, he will earn the gratitude of the majority. It is not DUMAS, neither is it SCOTT, of the past, nor is it GILBERT PARKER, nor QUILLER-ROUCH, nor ANTHONY HOPE of the present; nor is it GUY BOOTHBY at his best; but it is very nearly one of his best, and it may suffice for some hours' interest and amusement during the hard-worker's well-earned vacation.

*The Last Hope* (SMITH, ELDER) is the last work of HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, who, before Death came all too early, enriched literature with some notable novels. In his final effort he has done what a succession of sixty-six Kings of France failed to accomplish. He has created a Bourbon chivalrous, brave, unselfish, almost honest. The plot of the story is worked out with all Mr. MERRIMAN'S ingenuity, patience and skill. The scene is laid chiefly in Paris on the eve of the *coup d'état*. Here and there we get a glimpse of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and of his methods of underhand work. Mr. MERRIMAN, improving on more prosaic history, imagines that the little son of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH escaped from the Temple after the guillotining of his parents, was conveyed to England, settled down in an obscure Suffolk hamlet, married into village life, and had a son—the Last Hope of Royalist France. How he was discovered by a legitimist Marquis, and how he re-visited France, instantly capturing the allegiance

of the Royalists, is told in some stirring chapters. Kidnapped by order of the PRINCE PRESIDENT, his escape from the French fishing lugger is one of the best told episodes my Baronite remembers in modern fiction. The adventures of *Loo Barebone* are embroidered with a double-edged love story, touching in its progress, tragic in its end.

With *Kenilworth* on his bookshelves, he is a bold man who would sit down to write a novel whose plot centres round Queen ELIZABETH and LEICESTER. Sir GILBERT PARKER, as becomes the Member for Gravesend, is a bold man, and is undefeated. In *A Ladder of Swords* (HEINEMANN) he brings both QUEEN and lover on the stage. My Baronite does not particularly care about LEICESTER, who is a little brown-papery. ELIZABETH is excellent. Sir GILBERT'S realisation of the historic character in her imperiousness, her vanity, her ugliness, her jealousy, her woman's heart beating true under manly mien, is satisfying. The opening of the eleventh chapter presents a masterly picture of the QUEEN that needs not shrink from comparison with the work of the great Master. Another excellent characterisation is that of the *Seigneur of Rozel*, a rugged, coarse-mannered, right-hearted Jersey man, who bears the proud title of Butler to the QUEEN, and under picturesque circumstances does his liege lady service. The book is a new departure for the author of *The Right of Way* and a dozen other popular novels. Here and there one fancies it was the work of earlier youth. Like good wine, it is none the worse for being kept to the last.

It surely must have occurred to the late Mr. JAMES MACLAREN COBBAN that he would have a fair chance of adding to his success as a novelist by taking up the Tommy Atkins line in dialogue, and so far enlisting under the Kipling flag. Inspired, probably, by this idea, he wrote *A Soldier and a Gentleman* (JOHN LONG), which is a story of adventures rather roughly sketched than described with anything like artistic finish. The root of the plot is the close resemblance in features of two individuals, utter strangers to one another. The simple-minded reader may probably observe that such a notion is neither absolutely new nor strikingly original, and he may remember certain popular stories and successful dramas dealing with a similar complication. In such romances and melodramas it is not unusual for the hero, who is a victim of circumstances over which he has no control, to lose his heart to the very lady with whom, of all others in the world, he ought not to fall in love. "Do you follow me, WATSON?" inquires the Baron in *Sherlock Holmes*-like fashion. Whereupon WATSON, representing the unsophisticated novel-reader, answers, "Ay!" Quoth the Baron, "That being the case, you know beforehand what you have to expect. So take and read this story, if you will. Yet, blame not the Baron, should—" But here comes a break, and the Baron departs for a drive.

EXCEPTIONAL FRANKNESS.—Notices have been posted in certain carriages on the Mersey Railway:—"Spaces are now available for transparent advertisements."

FROM A PUBLIC LIBRARY'S SUGGESTION BOOK.—"Please will you take the paper called the lady."

